

MAN WHO PAYS THE FREIGHT.

Come, all ye married ladies
Of high or low degree,
Ye Kates and Maudes and Sadies,
And hearken unto me,
While I detail the beauty,
In language pretty straight,
Of doing well your duty
To the man who pays the freight.

When he comes late to dinner
Don't wear an angry face
As if he were a sinner
Deserving of disgrace.
Remember, ere you frown him
For getting home so late,
You'd have no meal without him—
This man who pays the freight.

Although the house he'll litter
With papers round, perchance,
Don't let a mad look flitter
Across your countenance;
Though he may rouse your mettle,
Reflect, deliberate,
The landlord's bills he settles—
This man who pays the freight.

Those silk and satin dresses,
Those combs of tortoise shell,
That each of you possesses;
That silverware as well,
That yearly Easter bonnet,
Those carpets, Brussels straight—
You owe them all, deprecate it!
To the man who pays the freight.

So greet this blessed fellow,
When he comes home at night,
With accents soft and mellow,
And smiles so glad and bright,
When worn and weak and weary,
With working hard and late,
He wants a welcome cheery—
This man who pays the freight.
—N. O. Times-Democrat.



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CHAPTER XIV.

A SECRET NO LONGER.

As the reader is aware, there was no pursuit made after Rider and his companion. The whole matter had been arranged by Avery, who had seen a would-be robber deceived in a similar manner in his younger days. He had been awake through it all, and there had been no intention to shoot the thief. They had purposely aimed wide of the mark.

When he had disappeared they all indulged in a hearty laugh at his discomfort when he should discover the fraud, then retired to rest with a feeling of relief at the success of their counter-plot.

Freed from the necessity of watching Bowers, they now redoubled their labor, and for another fortnight they took only barely sufficient time to sleep. They were constantly in dread lest some prospector should appear, but day after day passed and left them undisturbed.

The unusual labor, however, began to tell on the older men, and one evening Dick Taylor declared, as he threw himself wearily down on his couch:

"I'm about ready to quit. Let's reckon up how we stand."

They had a very indefinite idea of their wealth, as they had made no calculation up to that time, devoting every moment to work. Now they watched eagerly as he produced his scales and began to estimate the weight of the numerous bags containing the result of their arduous toil.

Bag after bag was laid aside in silence until the last had been weighed. Then after a rapid mental calculation the miner said:

"Well, I make it that we've got about \$150,000 worth now. That's about \$30,000 apiece, and a very tidy month's work. But I'm tired. I haven't got a great many years to live and I confess I want to enjoy the rest of my days. We can sell our claims here for a big pile any time, and I move that we do it."

"But who is to buy them?" asked Tom, while Avery merely nodded his approval of his friend's sentiments.

"There'll be dozens of capitalists and speculators in Dyea by this time," replied Taylor. "We've got a good deal more here now than we want to carry out on our backs. I move that the rest of you keep on digging here and that I go to Dyea, and find out what kind of a trade I can make. Besides that, these claims must be registered before we can sell them."

"I agree that is the right thing to do," agreed Avery. "We shall be rich enough, and I confess I am anxious to see these claims registered before we have any trouble over them. I think you'd better start right off, Dick. The season is very short, and it'll take some time to settle the whole thing up, even if you find some one right off who wants to buy."

The others were of the same opinion, and it was soon decided that Dick Taylor should start the following morning for Dyea on his important mission, the rest delegating to him full power to dispose of their interests to the best ad-

vantage and to bring the would-be buyers back with him.

Accordingly he started bright and early the next day, the little party watching him from the top of the cliff until he waved his hand at a turn in the trail and disappeared from view.

With listless steps the party turned to their work, but the labor of the past few weeks seemed to make itself felt all at once, now that their thoughts had been even temporarily turned toward civilization. They had been slaving like madmen each day, their minds intent on adding to their golden store, while at night they slept that sleep of utter exhaustion. Now that Taylor had diverted their minds for awhile from the incessant labor they returned to it almost unwillingly against the protest of their aching limbs.

As they neared the claims Avery suddenly exclaimed:

"I wonder if that ridge is worth anything? I've been thinking lately that it may be where all this gold comes from. All these pieces of quartz we find in the bed of the river must have been washed from it thousands of years ago. Suppose we break up a few of the smaller pieces? If we find gold there we shall have something to sell and no mistake."

They had no implements heavier than axes and found it slow work, but after an hour's disappointing labor the old miner gave a shout of triumph and stood erect, holding in his hand a piece of quartz about the size of an egg, the side of which was a bright yellow. It had the appearance of a honeycomb, the cells being filled to overflowing with gold.

As the others gathered about him he exclaimed:

"We've struck it! It's the richest vein I ever saw!"

The heavy lump was passed from hand to hand for examination, and Avery said excitedly:

"If Dick had only known this! This ledge is full of gold!"

"Then I guess we'd better locate here," said a strange voice near the little group.

With a start of surprise they turned to see two rough-looking miners who had approached them from the wooded side of the valley, their packs on their backs, and who were gazing at the treasure in Avery's hand with greedy eyes.

For a moment our friends were too astonished to speak; then Tarbox stepped forward with extended hand, saying:

"Hello, Mitchell! Where did you come from?"

"Why, it's Joe Tarbox!"

One of the strangers shook his hand warmly and then asked, eagerly:

"What's the show here, Joe? That's a beauty nugget you have there!"

"Are there any more of you?" said Tarbox.

"No; Bill and I are all."

"How did you happen to find us?"

"Saw your smoke last night before dark. We thought it must be somebody out prospecting, and so we took a look over this way this morning. Struck it rich?"

"Yes; we've been here all winter. You see where our claims are staked out. Dick Taylor has gone to register them. Better stake out before anyone else comes. I guess you'll find plenty of room above us. I don't mind telling you we've made our pile here, Bill. We've just found that this quartz ledge is a mine of wealth. See that your claims take in a slice of it."

Before the words were fairly out of his mouth the two men were tearing up the valley like madmen, and before long they had staked out their claims, and were hard at work, bent on the one all-absorbing quest for which they had braved the rigors of an arctic winter, thus far without success.

Half an hour later they had scraped away the soil and moss, and sampled the rich gravel just above the lightly covered bed rock. The first pan of gravel was washed out, and a moment later the man Tarbox had accented as Bill came running up, with a beaming face, crying:

"God bless you, Tarbox, for giving us a straight tip! Look at this! We'll be rich in no time! Look!"

The perspiration was dripping from his face, his clothes were torn and full of mud, but what recked he of such things? In the pan he held joyously forth was a little heap of coarse gold, which was worth fully \$200.

Then, as if remembering that he was wasting time, he turned on his heel and dashed back again like a schoolboy, throwing his arms about his partner and hugging him in the excess of his joy.

Then, actuated by one common impulse, the two men gave a wolfish yell of exultation, and fell to work once more, tearing out the moss and soil with desperate energy. They had reached the goal for which they had left home and dear ones, and, with superhuman strength, they went at the work of digging and washing, unmindful of all else.

Meanwhile Tom and his friends had returned to their digging. With their crude implements it would be a waste of time to attack the ledge, and they determined to stick to the gravel until Taylor returned. They had only dug up a very small part of their claims as yet.

The following day Tarbox saw a thin column of smoke several miles away, and said to Avery:

"There's more of them coming."

"They may not be coming here," replied the old miner.

"Yes, they are," was the confident rejoinder. "These two men saw our fire and followed it up. That party off there probably has been following their smoke, and so it goes. When one crowd finds anything to eat, you know, others soon follow. The only wonder is that we have kept the place to ourselves so long. There'll be a hundred men here in a fortnight and a thousand in a month."

About sundown that night a party of four miners appeared from the woods, and after a few words with the latest comers staked off claims and went into camp.

Day by day they continued to arrive, but as yet there was room for all. There was no rush, because all who came found gold so plenty that they remained, and at the end of three weeks there were not over three score men on the ground.

It was now time for Dick Taylor to return, and our friends began to be anxious about him. Their fears were groundless, however, for one afternoon he made his appearance, mounted on a horse and leading half a dozen others. With him were two well-dressed strangers, who looked keenly about them as they rode down the valley.

After greeting his friends, he introduced the strangers to the party and said:

"I have brought these gentlemen out to look at our claims. They represent a syndicate of rich capitalists."

He then pointed out the exact location of the claims, after which he took the men to the cave and showed them the bags of gold.

"We want to sell out the whole business," he said, bluntly. "There's what we have taken out. We haven't begun to dig one-quarter of the claims. Take a look round and make us an offer."

"Wait a moment," said Avery, stepping forward with the piece of quartz they had split open. "See here, Dick, we took this out of that ledge the day you went away. Let them look at it before they make any offer."

"Let me see that!" exclaimed one of the men, quickly, extending his hand. "You found that here?"

"Come and I'll show you the spot."

They followed him in silence and the younger man produced a small ham-



The old man gave a shout of triumph.

mer with which he chipped off a piece of the rock and examined it closely. Then he gave the other a look which was not lost on our friends and said, with an affectation of carelessness:

"There may be paying quartz here and may not. It would cost a fortune to get machinery here and find out."

But he was not dealing with ignorant men, as he soon found out, for Taylor remarked, quietly:

"That specimen doesn't lie. That ledge of quartz is where all this gold we've been digging came from. It's worth a million to-day. Now, gentlemen, I have no time to waste haggling over the matter. We are no hogs, but you mustn't take us for greenhorns. We've done well here and want to get out. Make us an offer to-morrow. We will give you until to-morrow night to look around and see what you are buying."

His friends gave a prompt assent to this proposition, and the two capitalists had no choice but to acquiesce as gracefully as possible.

The following noon they came to Dick Taylor and offered him \$50,000 for the five claims. He laughed and replied:

"Do you think we are foolish? They are worth five times that amount."

An hour later they offered \$75,000 and were refused.

Seeing that he was determined, the elder man said:

"We are only authorized to expend \$100,000. Will you take that?"

After a short consultation the offer was accepted and preparations were at once commenced for the journey to Dyea, where the formal transfer was to be made.

The younger of the buyers was to remain at the spot to look after the claims while the other would go to Dyea with them.

The following morning they loaded their wealth on the horses and started for civilization.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNHOLY COMPACT.

When Hank Bowers read the derisive message which he had found in one of the dummy bags of gold his rage was frightful. Dashing his clenched fist against his head like a madman, he fairly screamed:

"Too smart for me! We'll see! I'll have my revenge if I live! Your gold isn't safe in Dyea yet, my beauties, an' you needn't crow."

Then he relapsed into sullen silence and scarcely spoke to Rider again that night. In the morning he made no reference to the events of the night before, but led the way toward Dyea as rapidly as his horse could carry him, his head dropped, while Rider was inwardly vowing to part company with him as soon as they reached the mining camp.

They met no one on the way, and without accident reached Dyea late one evening. Then Rider remembered that he had no funds. He could not leave his companion on that account, and while he was hesitating how to extricate himself from the dilemma Bowers invited him to drink at the first bar.

That settled it. The strong liquor wrought a marvelous change in his cowardly heart, and soon both he and his companion were oblivious to everything but the fact that they had money and liquor was to be had for the price.

Knowing his own weakness, however, Bowers had taken care to place his dust in safe keeping, retaining only enough for the enjoyment of his favorite dissipation.

From one resort to another they made their way, drinking, fighting, maudlin and quarrelsome by turns, until they both were unceremoniously shoved in a bare room back of one of the bars, utterly unconscious of their surroundings.

The next day they continued their debauch, but Bowers was careful to carry only enough dust to pay his way from day to day. After the first night he kept his head marvelously, considering the amount of fiery liquor he absorbed, while Rider was no sooner sober than he overdrank again.

Their days were a repetition of each other, and several times they narrowly escaped arrest by the vigilance committee. Then something happened which might have been expected among such a collection of adventurers.

A reckless character, who had been at the camp long enough to spend his last dollar and dispose of his outfit for drink, had taken notice of our two rascals as they lounged about in the drinking places, paying their way with gold dust. As they were apparently drunk most of the time, he determined to relieve them of some of the wealth they were spending so recklessly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN TERROR OF A DRAFT.

The Extraordinary Failing of an Otherwise Thoroughly Human Person.

Lord Blessington, the husband of the celebrated countess of Blessington, had a horror of a draft. He was able—Count d'Orsay used to declare—to detect a current of air caused by the key being left crossways in the keyhole of the door. He and his wife and a youth were one day walking on the banks of the Thames. The boy, skipping backward and forward, went several times dangerously close to the edge of the bank.

"Take care! Take care!" cried Lord Blessington, exhibiting a degree of solicitude most unusual where another person was concerned.

"For heaven's sake, mind what you are about, boy, or you'll certainly fall into the river!"

After two or three repetitions of his alarm in this fashion for the lad, Lady Blessington, losing patience, said: "Oh, let the boy alone; if he does fall into the water he swims like a fish."

"Yes, yes," said his lordship, in injured tones, "that's all very well; but what about me? I shall catch my death of cold driving home in the carriage with him."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Objectionable Obedience.

All orders to native servants in India must be literally given, for in that manner they will be received. A missionary once took a country lad as a servant when going out on a boating journey. As there are no lavatories on board the country boats, one's ablutions have to be performed in a very simple manner, an ordinary bucket serving as a wash bowl. The boy was told to bring some water, and, in doing so, happened to spill a little on the floor. "Why don't you throw it all over me?" asked the missionary, jocosely. "Aha," said the lad, and immediately, to his master's astonishment, took up the pail and emptied it over his employer's head.—Golden Days.

A Better Price.

A clergyman was very much vexed by one of his congregation. An old man used to go to sleep during the sermon. The clergyman offered the old man's grandson a penny if he would keep his grandfather awake. This went all right for a month. One Sunday the old man went to sleep as usual. The clergyman asked the boy why he did not keep his grandfather awake. The boy answered: "You offered me a penny to keep him awake, but grandfather gives me twopence not to disturb him."—Pearson's Weekly.

HAS RUSSIA'S CONSENT.

M. De Giers, Russian Minister at Peking, Given Permission to Leave Chinese Capital Under Safe Escort.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 12.—The Official Messenger to-day publishes the following: The foreign office received a telegram to-day direct from M. De Giers (the Russian minister at the Chinese capital) from Peking. The dispatch was evidently taken by special courier to Tsi-Nan from the capital of Shan Tung, and was thence telegraphed August 7 by the local Yamen.

M. De Giers announces that the siege of the legations continues, the besieged still having some provisions left. The Chinese government proposes to transmit the minister's messages and that they leave Peking. As the ministers had not sufficient guarantee they replied that they must receive the permission of their governments before leaving the city.

The Messenger then announces that the czar's approval has been given for M. De Giers to start for Tien Tsin with his entire staff and the marine guard on condition that existing government at Peking and the emperor afford them sure guarantee that the journey can be undertaken without danger.

At the same time M. De Giers is expected to call attention to the heavy responsibility the Chinese government will incur should there be the slightest infraction of the violability of the persons accompanying them to Tien Tsin.

France Replies to China.

Paris, Aug. 13.—The tsung-li-yamen forwarded through the Chinese minister in Paris, Yu Keng, a message to the French government complaining of the "tardiness of the foreign ministers in Peking in replying to the offer of the Chinese government to conduct them under escort." The message proceeded to say that the tsung-li-yamen declined to be responsible for any casualties which might follow these delays and insisted that the European governments order their representatives to leave Peking.

To this communication, M. Delcasse, minister of foreign affairs, sent the following reply: "No order to depart from Peking will be given to our minister so long as the route is unsafe. If a casualty occurs the responsibility will be entirely with the Chinese government. Its strict duty is to protect foreign ministers even more than its own. If it be true that the Chinese government has great difficulty in defending them and in defending itself against rebels, it should order its troops to stand aside before the allied forces. This would render free the road from Tien Tsin to the capital and would accomplish the work of protection which is incumbent."

Seven Thousand Christians Killed.

Paris, Aug. 13.—According to dispatches received yesterday from Vice Admiral Courrejols, of the French naval command, native Christians and missionaries on the line to Hankow, 500 kilometers from Peking, are in great danger, the point being entirely outside the sphere of the allied operations. He has also received bad news regarding New Chwang, captured August 4, which, as he is advised, has since been evacuated. According to his advices from the French colony in Peking, eight marines, one cadet and one customs employe have been killed.

The Patrie publishes the following: "The procureur general of the congregation of the Lazarist missions, Mgr. Bettembourg, informs us that he has just been advised by M. Delcasse that, according to a dispatch from the French consul general at Shanghai, received yesterday, 7,000 Christians have been massacred at Pao Ting, east of Peking. No other details are at hand. If such startling news has been received by the foreign office it has been kept secret, as the usual news channels have not been made acquainted with anything of the kind."

ITALY'S NEW RULER.

King Victor Emmanuel III. Takes the Constitutional Oath Before Parliament—Given an Ovation.

Rome, Aug. 13.—King Victor Emmanuel III. took the formal constitutional oath Saturday, before parliament. The senate chamber was draped with mourning, the benches and tribunes being covered with black furnishings, bordered with silver. The chamber was filled with senators and deputies, royal missions, high officials of state and the diplomatic corps. The booming of cannon announced the departure of the royal party from the quinal.

All along the route large crowds were assembled, and gave the new king an ovation. He was received on the steps of the senate by committees of the chamber of deputies and senate in a pavilion specially erected and handsomely decorated. When the cortege entered the senate chamber, the king being accompanied by the duke of Aosta, the count of Turin and the duke of Genoa, the deputies and senators arose, and then began a long and exciting scene of enthusiasm. His majesty later took the oath and delivered an address.